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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF EARLY METHODIST PREACHERS.

REV. JOSIAH EATON.

Josiah Eaton was born in the town of Barre, Massachusetts, October 31, 1789. His parents were members of the Congregational Church, and his father Deacon of the same. Josiah was the youngest child. He had serious impressions at an early age; read the Bible through before he was ten years old. He has no recollection of hearing or reading a Christian experience until he experienced religion, at the age of twenty-six. His father was a rigid Calvinist. Josiah had no faith in the Calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation; nor yet that "God had fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass." Though faithfully taught them every Sabbath, at the age of sixteen, he went an apprentice to Thomas's Printing office, at Worcester. It was here his morals became corrupted, and himself dissipated. During his twenty-first year he travelled through the New England States, returned, was married, and lived on a farm with his father about two years; travelled through the State of New York; removed his family to Hudson, where he remained two years, and then returned to his father. It was in H. that he first heard Freeborn Garrettson and the Methodists; became serious, but on returning to Massachusetts, lost his seriousness. An unfortunate domestic circumstance led him to leave his native State, with the intention of going as far as winds and waves would carry him, never to return. God, in his providence, ordered it otherwise. He landed in Castine, on the Penobscot river, in the (then) District of Maine; and in the June following, experienced the pardon of his sins; and soon wrote to his father to let him know where he was, and what the Lord had done for him. From the first day of his religious life, he took part in the social worship of God, by prayer and exhortation; he was afterwards licensed to exhort; held meetings in the towns of Penobscot, Sedgewick, Brooksville, Surry, &c. In 1818 and 1819, he kept school in the town of Castine, one mile from the village. Here God blessed his labors, in connection with J. S. Ayer. Twenty-five of his largest and best scholars experienced religion, and about as many more, mostly heads of families, became Christians; making two classes in that neighborhood, and a small one in the village. This was the beginning of Methodism in that town. The work spread through Penobscot, until the converts numbered about one hundred.

In June, 1820, he went on to the old St. Croix circuit, embracing all the territory East of Machias to the British line. In 1816 a small society of Methodists had been formed in Calais and Robbinston. In 1818, Ebenezer F. Newell and his wife, Fanny N., travelled that circuit; 1819, supplied; 1820, J. S. Ayer and J. Eaton, travelled the circuit and enlarged it in territory and numbers. Formed two classes in Penobscot (Pembroke). Members added in Charlotte, Alexander, and Cooper. In these places were small classes, of six or eight members each, had been formed by Bro. Newell, or Joseph Lull. Samuel Dunn was the most efficient member, who is now living, and has two sons in the ministry, Levi and Charles B. Dunn. One hundred were converted. Bro. Eaton remained two years and a half in that vicinity, in connection with others; among whom was Heman Nickerson. During this time he preached in Eastport, Lubec, Whiting, Edmonds, Trescott, Perry, Pembroke, Dennysville, Crawford, &c., and formed societies in several places. From one to two hundred were added to the Church. In 1837 a small class was formed in Eastport by Mr. Brown. Next year, I. McManis was stationed there, and a good revival followed; another in 1840, F. A. Soule preached in the old Baptist meeting house, where they now worship. In 1845 a powerful revival took place under the labors of Wm. H. Crawford. Since then, they have struggled on. Methodism was introduced into Lubec, or Whiting, by Moses Hill; a powerful revival taking place in West Lubec, (South Bay). A small society was formed at the Point, which labored under serious difficulties, for want of a house of worship, until 1847, when a very neat one was erected by the persevering efforts of J. Keith. Methodism is now prospering.

The winter of 1823 he spent in Massachusetts, and preached in Barre, Hubbardston, Oakham, and Rutland; spreading the alarm as the first Methodist preacher known in those places. There were two Methodists in Barre—Father Plummer and wife; one in Oakham; none in the other towns; yet many were friendly to the doctrines of Methodism; and some souls were converted to God in these places. In the spring he settled up his affairs, and in July arrived in Hampden, on the West bank of the Penobscot, and travelled that year the great Hampden circuit, reaching from Searsport to 20 miles above Bangor, including a tier of back towns. This was then a four weeks' circuit; on it were twenty classes, which were attended to, weekly after a short, sometimes a long lecture; four Sabbath appointments, and four prayer meetings, making fifty-two meetings in this time, and a travel of 250 or 300 miles. No idle time to be spent here; work enough for six men; but thank God more than 250 souls were this year converted. The following spring Bro. Eaton's health and strength were nearly exhausted; but were restored suddenly, through the "prayer of faith" in Mount Ephraim, town of Prospect.

The following year (1824) he joined the Maine Annual Conference, and was appointed to Denysville circuit; the three following in Spring, Calais circuit, where he had some success. In 1826 he was again married; and in 1828 his wife died in full and certain hope of heaven. In 1829 he was once more married. From the time that his wife died until 1836, he passed through distressing scenes and conflicts; became involved in debt, unjustly lost all his property by trusting to other people's honesty, taking their word when it should have been in "black and white." Changed his sentiments, became back-slidden, &c. In 1837 he went Representative to the Maine Legislature. The October following was fully and thoroughly reclaimed; took charge of Penobscot circuit in 1838, and was remained in charge ever since, of some circuit or Rev. A. Hatch, at the commencement of the great revival in and about that place; 1840, great revival in Denysville and adjoining towns; society and church formed in Edmonds, and house of worship built. In 1842 came to Milltown, (Calais); and Baring; some revivals. In 1844, removed to Calais village and S. Calais. From 1845 until now, in charge of South Calais, Maine; preaching part of the time at the Plaster Mills, Robinson bridge, and Baring. The society in Calais was divided about 1835, or 34; and a house of worship built in Milltown, which remained embroiled until 1847, when it was

freed from embarrassments by the persevering efforts of A. H. Hall, who was the stationed preacher that year. The Church here has seen days of prosperity, and of adversity and darkness. Some of our most efficient men, have labored on this station, such as M. Trafton, A. P. Hillman, A. Moore, and I. Lord. The little Church in Calais village, has struggled through many difficulties; sometimes have had to meet in school houses, halls, &c., until 1847, when, by the perseverance of a few brethren, they obtained a house, in which to worship God. In 1846, four of our members in the village, bought the old school house, and converted it into a chapel. It is now paid for, pews sold, &c. In February, 1847, a glorious revival commenced in the new chapel, under the labors of father Eaton, and Wm. H. Crawford. Nearly one hundred were added to the churches. Much praise is due to a few brethren, especially Br. Luther B. Knight, for their faith and works too.

Methodism was introduced into Addison and Columbia village, by father Lee and D. McCall, Wesleyan Missionaries, some forty years ago. They have a good meeting house at the latter place. It was introduced into Machias, about 1838, by Charles C. Cone; and in 1840 a glorious revival was experienced under the labors of Parker Jaques. It has been struggling for life ever since. It will yet live in spite of all hindrances, and prosper in these places.

Father Eaton, as you will see by this account, is in his fifty-ninth year. His eye is not dim; his strength fails but little. Last winter he labored day and night for nearly three months, publicly and privately, with increase apparently of health and strength. He travels with the same "old horse," as he calls him, without abatement, hundreds of miles in a year. He has lived to see this wilderness rise into a cultivated spot. Where 30 years ago there was only a "log hut," may be seen the framed house and cultivated farm; where there was only a foot-path, the U. S. mail coach and four, proudly and rapidly pursues its way from village to village; where there were no people of God, there are now many. In Calais, where only a few scattered inhabitants dwelt, there are now nearly five thousand, and six houses for public worship! "What has God wrought!" Father Eaton thinks "down East" is not so far below the west as many imagine. "Here are men and minds as large as elsewhere; and we need as good preachers here, as in Boston city, or Columbia District." He sends his best respects to all his old friends.

In preparing the above for the press, I have only acted the part of a transcriber; having given the facts which were handed to me almost *verbatim et literatim*. Having a desire to have the traces of our history, which exist only in the minds of our old members, treasured up, before they shall be lost forever, I solicited these historical items for publication.

Very Respectfully,
EDWIN A. HELMERSHAUSEN.
Calais, Me., Feb. 10, 1848.

DR. WATERBURY ON SLAVERY.

Rev. Dr. Waterbury, of this city, is writing a series of articles on Slavery, in the Boston Recorder. We extract the following from one of his numbers.

What has been said of the influence of slavery on the marriage relation, applies with equal force to the obligation of parents and children. With this natural relation, slavery directly and criminally interferes. Under this dark system it is scarcely possible to imagine the existence of household virtues. These are reared under the influence of parental authority, of filial reverence and of an independent domestic home. Where slavery is not, each family is a little community of itself, with a head to control, with laws to govern, and with motives to obey. God has sanctioned, and promised his blessing, under these circumstances. He has imposed a duty on the parent and on the child. The one party is to be faithful in moral training, and the other is under obligations of reverence and obedience. So sacred and important is this relation, involving so much personal fidelity, and so much good to society, that the Almighty has made it the subject of an explicit statute in that moral code which is admitted to be the universal obligation. What then are the bearings of slavery on this relation? The father has not even a moral control over his child. Slavery forbids the authority with which God has clothed him. The master claims the child as his property as soon as it is born, regulates its physical training and exerts over it a supreme control. A blow is then struck at the parental responsibility, and the first lesson, slave child is taught is not to honor his father, but to fear and obey his master. His master may be kind, generous and lenient, or may be cruel, selfish and exacting. It matters not as to the argument; for however many personal virtues he may have, the usurpation of the parental relation is that which weakens and violates one of God's holy precepts. Circumstances might easily be imagined in which a Christian slave shall feel it to be his duty to command his child, if his father may be called, to do a particular thing, and an unchristian master may punish both the child and the parent for disobedience to his superior authority. Slavery virtually abrogates the law of God by rendering it impossible for parents to govern their children and for children to obey their parents. This is one of the necessary consequences of a system, which throws its fetters in a sense over the soul as well as body, which places man in the dreadful position of master and owner of responsible beings; which makes his supposed temporal interests clash with the commands of God, and which presses upon him the alternative, of obedience to the divine precepts and the abrogation of slavery, or disobedience with its continuance.

How can slavery be vindicated, such slavery as exists among us, on the principles of the Bible? Vain is it to refer to the practices of the Hebrews. The argument proves too much. Polygamy and divorce and external war might be justified in the same manner. Vain to point to the New Testament. All its precepts go to mitigate slavery as an existing evil, whilst the whole spirit and tenor of the gospel condemn it. It is inconsistent with God's law, warning against its express precepts. It stands between God and his responsible creatures, and shuts out the light which he intended should shine into their souls. It sunders the purest and most sacred of the domestic ties. All this slavery does; and yet there are those who claim for it a patriarchal origin, and who presume to vindicate it on Scriptural authority. How different was the estimate of one, whose opinion on this subject ought to have weight. I mean the venerated Jefferson, himself a slaveholder, who declares with all the solemnity of conviction, "God has no attribute which can take sides with slavery."

Every branch of knowledge that a good man possesses, he may apply to some good purpose.

For the Herald and Journal.

SCREAMING.

Mr. Editor:—In the Herald of Feb. 16, I notice "A Hint to Ministers," wherein is a serious admonition of Mr. Wesley to one of his ministers, to "scream no more at the peril of his soul."

Let me say, I am not surprised at all at such opinions of noisy religion from Mr. Wesley; and it was such a conviction that led me to speak of our "popularity in New England," a week or two since. I have long been convinced that our success here has been retarded more by mistaken ranters among us, than by the previous prejudices of New England's staid, thinking population.

The good, common-sense, Bible doctrines of Wesley, cannot be withstood by any truly candid mind, and I am pleased to see that while the ministry are beginning to be aware of that fact here, good and persevering members are added to us by the more befitting means used; for while I would not hurt a weak, noisy person, who forgets that "bodily exercises profit little," yet I much desire that ours may be a deportment that becomes a sober "Christianity in earnest."

It was rather humiliating, a few Sabbaths ago, to listen to a minister who also forgot, while preaching from I Timothy, 4:8, first clause, to apply it to himself, and my nerves were unpleasantly exercised by a monotonous, harsh tone throughout, as if by the continuous sound of a rail road whistle. Ministers should not be so wanting in self command; there is no excuse for such folly, in religion or reason.

N. P., Jr.

DR. JABEZ BUNTING.

Dr. Bunting was born about the year 1780, in Derbyshire. His father was by trade a tailor, and in humble circumstances. Both his parents were members of the Wesleyan society; and by his pious mother, he was named Jabez soon after his birth. The family removed to Manchester while he was yet a child; and his first teacher was John Holt, a Wesleyan local preacher, who kept a school in Oldham Street. He was afterwards admitted into the free grammar school, where he is said to have attracted the attention of the celebrated Dr. Percival, founder of the Literary and Phil. Society of Manchester, who perceiving him to be a sharp boy, took him into his service, and subsequently employed him as an amanuensis. It is a sufficient proof of his good conduct, that his old master appointed him one of his executors. In this situation, the education of the young Jabez proceeded, if not with scholastic regularity, yet in such a manner as to elicit and cultivate his peculiar talents. While reaping its advantages, he was so happy as to avoid its disadvantages. Though surrounded by Unitarians, of whom his learned patron was one, he, at an early period, joined the Wesleyan society. Among his first religious associates, was Mr. James Wood, of Manchester, who has continued his bosom friend through life, seconding him in his plans for the benefit of the connection with almost unequalled munificence, and considered as having more influence with him than any other layman in the body. But the turning point in the history of Dr. Bunting is traceable to the appointment of Rev. William Thomson to the Manchester circuit in the critical years 1797-8. The Methodist sage, who presided at the first Conference after Mr. Wesley's decease, took young Jabez by the hand, and it is supposed not only to have given him the rudiments of his Methodist-legislative learning, but also to have inspired him with a passion for such pursuits. Under the auspices of this mentor, he entered in 1799, upon itinerant life. His first superintendent, the Rev. John Gaultier, a man of gentlemanly manners, amiable disposition, various, though crude attainments, and who used to boast that he "loved every pin and screw in Methodism." The youth of Jabez, his talents, and his easy, graceful, warm, and natural address, procured him a second year's appointment to Oldham. The present century he began in Macclesfield, where also, he spent two years, during which he escaped being sent by Dr. Coke on a mission to Gibraltar, and fell into the toils of love. The Wesleyan connection owe it perhaps, to the clever woman who became his first wife, that he did not devote himself to missionary labor. Nor is this the only obligation conferred upon them by the late Mrs. Bunting, who both as a wife and as a mother, was peculiarly adapted to aid in the formation of a character for public life. Through the influence of the Rev. Walter Griffith—a man who united with the gentlest manners the firmest principles, and of whom it is recorded that he deliberately refused to meet death with his faculties clouded by opiates—Mr. Bunting passed from Macclesfield to London, where his reputation was already such that he preached, before the Sunday School Union a discourse, published by request under the title of "A Great Work." After a sojourn of two years in the great metropolis, he was removed to Manchester, where he first distinguished himself as an advocate for ecclesiastical order, in a joint pamphlet against some troublesome insurgents called "the Bandroom party." From this time, although still young, he may be regarded as one of the leading men in the connection. No man ever rose so rapidly. By unprecedented strides, he stepped successively into the highest offices. With every fresh circuit he gained new and more extensive popularity; and while a general favorite among the people, as he speedily acquired the almost universal confidence and esteem of his ministerial brethren. They recognized in him one who had studied the Wesleyan economy, who possessed a remarkable talent for government and administration, and who was capable of comprehending in his grasp, the largest interests—prompt in fertile expedients for every emergency, and far-sighted in his estimate of the future. Four times has he been elected to the chair of the Conference, and for many years he has filled the two most distinguished, permanent offices in the connection—those of president of the Wesleyan Theological institution, in its two branches at Richmond and Didsbury, and principal secretary of the Wesleyan missionary society. Resident in London, but at liberty to travel when and where he pleases, his sagacious eye is constantly cast over all the interests of the Wesleyan Church; information pours in upon him from every quarter of the globe; and often as the Conference comes round, he astonishes yet more and more his admiring and confiding brethren, with his intimate and perfect knowledge of the affairs of their whole body, and with the unhesitating and almost unerring wisdom that enables him to surmount every difficulty—anticipate every necessity, and satisfy every demand.

Every branch of knowledge that a good man possesses, he may apply to some good purpose.

For the Herald and Journal.

RAISING MISSIONARY MONEY.

Br. Stevens:—One of the principal embarrassments in our Missionary operations, must arise from the fact, that no certain calculation can be made as to the amount of available funds which may be raised in a year. Having no uniform system of raising monies, there can be no uniformity in the result. The difficulty arising from this source ought, and I think, can be remedied. System and perseverance must be essential elements of the remedy. Perseverance without system, would be bad enough, but system without perseverance, would be worse.—The point then is to have both. But perseverance will depend very much on the character of the system. The more simple the latter, the more certain will be the former. I therefore would propose a system of so simple a form that perseverance would be most likely to ensue. It is as follows: Let each member of the church be requested to pay a certain sum annually; let that sum be so small that any member may be able to pay it, who could pay any thing, whether it be twenty, thirty or fifty cents, more or less. Let the Missionary Committee, appointed by the Quarterly Meeting Conference, as provided by the Discipline, take the field at an early part of the year. Let them either divide the labor among them, or appoint from one to three of the most efficient of their number to undertake it. Let this Committee, or select number, collect the sum fixed on from each member, taking with them, at the same time, a subscription paper, on which to receive the larger sums that the more able might be disposed to pay; observing at the same time that these subscriptions must be over and above the sum to be collected from each and all.

Let this plan be adopted, and carried into universal practice, and persevered in, and a definite amount of funds can always be relied on, and a much larger amount, than is usually collected.

P. CRANDALL.

For the Herald and Journal.

CAUTION EXTRA.

Within a few years past, there has appeared a new race of beings, somewhat resembling the human species, but much inferior to real men. They wear clothing something like the human race, and some of them white or green glasses on their faces. They have eyes, ears and noses, resembling men. They have the power of speech; they can whisper, talk and laugh, but seldom cry when in sight; though it is thought by some that they often weep in secret—if they do not, they are much to be pitied. They have much apparent sympathy for each other, and herd together like wild asses; if one of them should happen to be wounded, they will all set up a most pitiful moan, somewhat like the Orang Outang, and in fact some of them much resemble monkeys. They frequently go in companies, mostly in the evening; some, however, are bold enough to appear in day-light. They sometimes mix with the people at church, and one would almost mistake them for rational beings in religious services, if it were not for their whispering, grinning and laughing. They sometimes look into a book during service, but never read prayers, nor say them. They take great notice of dress, &c., and try to appear "large."

My caution is, do not mistake these characters for men—there is no *manhood* about them. Whether they inhabit the whole of this continent, or not, I cannot tell. I have of late seen them in several places, not very numerous. If people would not notice them at all, they would soon die, or disappear. Some of them have actually turned into men, like the worm into a butterfly; not very commonly, however, and in almost every case they were years about it.

LANGUAGE.

The long period of human life in early time would secure the stability of the first language so that we are not to wonder at there being still but one language at the end of two thousand years. Etymologists have tried to discredit the confusion which took place at Babel, by pointing out common words in the various languages of the world. But it needed not that there should be a total diversity in order to stop the channels of a mutual understanding among men. A change in a small proportion of the principal words that were most necessary for the purposes of society, and therefore the most frequently used, would suffice for putting an end to all useful converse, by the constant blunders and cross purposes that would ensue. That was certainly a most stupendous miracle which led to the dispersion of mankind over all the countries of the world; and whereby, as they receded from the family which God signified by his special revelations, they were all the more apt to fall away from the true religion.

But there was another miracle equally stupendous, and a miracle of tongues too, by which the people of all various languages were recalled to the faith from which they had departed. By the one miracle each tribe, understanding only their own speech were secluded from the rest of mankind, because, saving the words used by themselves, they understood no languages. By the other miracle, the apostles and the first teachers of Christianity were made to understand all languages. By the first, God raised up barriers for the segregation of the species into distinct communities. By the second, he threw down these barriers that the bearers of the heavenly message might range freely over the world, and gather out of all nations the family of the faithful.—Dr. Chalmers' Daily Scripture Readings.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

A traveller in Greece, writing to the Providence Journal, thus speaks of it:—

Perhaps no church which calls itself Christian, is in a much lower state than the Greek Church. In point of efficiency and intelligence, it may be considered far below the Roman Church, although it has managed to preserve a somewhat purer creed. It discards the doctrine of purgatory, it does not pretend to infallibility, it worships only root paintings, and does not admit sculpture into the churches, or "anything which casts a shadow." It licenses the marriage of the clergy among the lower orders, and prides itself upon its spirit of salvation. But it is miserably weak, both in the intellectual character of its ministers, and in its influence over the popular mind. Its priests are more ignorant, but less vicious than the Roman Catholic, and there being so much common ground still left in point of doctrine between the Protestant and Greek Churches, learned and pious men have thought that reform was possible without annihilation. The rites and superstitions, however,

which accompany the present worship of the Greek Church, are so puerile and so monstrous, that they quite obscure the simplicity of its creed, and must be brushed away before even a true feature of Christianity shall be revealed." The same writer says that in the Greek Hall of Representatives, hardly a fortnight since, the Speaker and an honorable member exchanged shots with inkstands. That body is composed of many men of the most debased character, even acknowledged assassins being allowed to hold seats and to debate, and all are ready to do the bidding of a corrupt king, for money.

For the Herald and Journal.

A PATRIARCH HAS FALLEN.

Stephen Titcomb, Esq., died in Farmington, Me., on the 25th ult., aged ninety-five years and about three months. He has left a sister aged about ninety-three, and a brother about ninety; six children, five of whom are pious; seventeen grand-children, of whom thirteen are pious, (two of them, Stephen and Charles F. Allen, are members of the Maine Conference,) and twenty-nine great-grand-children. Mr. T. was born in Kennebunk, Me., and was the first to commence an invasion of this wilderness of this town, which occurred in 1776. In 1798, while Mr. Brodhead was preacher in charge of Readfield circuit, he joined the M. E. Church, of which he remained a consistent and exemplary member till his death, holding for considerable time the office of class leader and trustee; and honored also, by his fellow citizens of the town, with various offices of responsibility. He was a patron of learning, frequently contributing aid to its institutions, and but a short time since, gave the sum of one hundred dollars, to aid in erecting the new seminary edifice in Readfield. Until within about one year of his death, he spent much time in reading, when his sight so far failed as to allow of his continuing the practice no longer. During only his last five years was he deprived by deafness, from enjoying the preaching of the gospel. He continued his usual practice of offering prayer in his family, twice a day, until he went from his kneeling to his bed, to rise no more. He was sick but six days.

As the Rev. Mr. Rogers has well said of him, "Death for him had no terrors—the grave no gloom. But as a shock of corn that comes in its season, so did this aged and venerable servant of the Lord meet his great and last change." His equal we shall not soon behold again.

F. A. CRAFTS.

Farmington, Me., Feb. 24, 1848.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGES.

Marriages in Russia are curious. The priest meets the parties at the door of the Church. The relatives also enter, having received the benediction of the priest. They go with him to the altar, where he puts wax candles in their hands, a crown is placed on the bridegroom's head. The priest puts a ring upon the fingers of the bride, and it is passed round, till it is placed on the finger of the bride. He goes round the altar, followed by the friends and the couple—he gives his benediction. It takes place in the richest Churches in Russia. The same ceremonies are performed on a marriage in the family of the Emperor, except that the crown is held above, not placed on their heads. Being present once, at a marriage of the royal family, the crown was held up by boys, and it was amusing to see them stretching themselves, to hold it up. The music was delightful. I have frequently heard the choir of the Pope, but it is nothing when compared with what I heard at that marriage. I never heard music so touching. Their dresses were beautiful. The bride had a train twelve feet long, made of rich velvet, and lined throughout, with ermine, and it took five men to bear her train, and as she moved round the altar, followed her. It was attached to her dress, below the shoulder. There were many things about it, very imposing. The Te Deum was sung most beautifully. There are many singular things connected with their private life. When making a dinner, the host and hostess do not sit, but like Abraham, serve their guests. The gentlemen go up to the ladies and kiss their hands, and if they are intimate, the lady kisses his cheek. These are Asiatic customs, but there is no doubt in a few years, they will pass away, and European be introduced in their place.—Dr. Baird.

BURSTS OF ELOQUENCE.

The following "burst of eloquence" was delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania:—

"Your honor sits high upon the adorable seat of justice, like the Asiatic rock of Gibraltar; while the eternal streams of justice, like the cadaverous clouds of the valley, flow meandering at your feet."

This reminds us of the commencement of a speech of a lawyer in New Jersey—"Your honors do not sit there like marble statues to be waited about by every idle breeze."

Another Western orator commenced, "his harangue with—"The important crisis which were about to have arrived, have arrived."

Another, "The Court will please to observe that the gentleman from the East has given them a very learned speech. He has roamed with old Romulus; Socked with old Socrates; Ripped with old Euripides, and Canted with old Cantharides,—but what your honor, who does he know about the laws of Wisconsin?"

A young lawyer in one of our own courts commenced his defence as follows:—"May it please your honor, the Deluge has passed over the face of the earth. The ark has rested upon the mountain, and the Rainbow of Justice shines as beautifully upon my colored client as it does upon any one in this court, including the jury."—Lady's Newspaper.

WESLEY'S PRAYER FOR CHRISTIAN UNION.

The following extract from Wesley's preface of notes on the New Testament is entitled to the serious consideration of every follower of that celebrated founder of Methodism, and all who sustain sects and parties in Religion:—

"Would to God, that the party names and unscriptural phrases and forms which have divided the Christian world, were forgotten, and that we might all agree to sit down together as humble, loving disciples at the feet of our common master, to hear His word, imbibe His spirit, and to transcribe His life in our own."

Where the above very impressive desires but regarded by professing Christians, how soon would the disciples of Jesus present to the world that glorious oneness of mind and spirit and devotion, for which while on earth he prayed.

STARTLING FACTS.

The Lincoln Mercury says:—"The practice of taking opium, laudanum, ether, and morphia, has increased and is still increasing, amongst the population of the fens of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire to a frightful extent. It obtains amongst the aged, the infirm and the young, and it is confined to neither sex—old men, old women, and young women are equally its victims. It may be safely averred that every second customer who visits the druggist's purchases opium, laudanum, or some opiate or narcotic, whilst every second customer of the grocer is a purchaser of tobacco. It is common to see the man or woman of twenty, thirty, or forty years, with cadaverous countenance, tottering frame, and palsied step, daily going for his or her sixpenny worth of poison; and we have heard of yearly bills of £20 in one family for opium and laudanum. In the town of Wisbech alone there are 400 gallons of laudanum sold and swallowed every year; eight gallons of laudanum per week, one small shop actually vending two gallons of this quantity! The apothecary's practice is thus a lucrative one in the fens. Take away the laudanum retail trade, and the druggist's occupation is gone—it is the staple of the trade. Added to this, the frightful consumption of laudanum, there are 1,128,780 gallons of beer, and 20,500 gallons of ardent spirits, consumed annually in Wisbech. To manufacture the one and to vend the other, there are no fewer than 2 malsters, 12 brewers, 9 wholesale dealers in ardent spirits, 48 inn-keepers, and 45 Tom-and-Jerries. As if this were not enough to vitiate the appetite, there is to be added to the catalogue the fact of there being 170 persons retailing tobacco. To counteract all this laudanum, beer, and spirit swallowing, and tobacco inhaling, there are 70 dealers in coffee and tea, with two coffee-houses, nicknamed temperance hotels.

AN EXECUTION AT BUENA VISTA.

In a recent letter from La Encantada, Mexico, published in the New Orleans papers, there is the following description of a military execution:—

Our battalion was ordered to the general's encampment, well known by the name of Buena Vista, where it was said all would undergo a general inspection. On arriving there we discovered all the troops arrayed and waiting as if to witness the enactment of some melancholy scene. Nor were we deceived by their appearance, for no sooner had we been assigned our places in the ranks, than we heard the music of a drum and fife, and immediately discovered a small procession moving slowly and silently along—a few paces in advance of which were four men bearing a coffin, and in the rear of them, but following hard by, was a man by himself, whom we immediately recognized as the individual for whose sake the coffin had been prepared—having reached a place where all eyes could see, they called a halt, and the coffin being placed on the ground a few paces in advance, this lone man in question was brought forward and seated thereon; I was not sufficiently near to hear what was said, but I could plainly see what was going to be done. A file of some half dozen men who were armed for the occasion, formed a straight line in front of the aforesaid lone man seated on the coffin. They simultaneously brought their guns to bear—took aim and fired. A little before I heard the report of the guns, I saw the man fall from his coffin.—He was executed, I understand, for having threatened to take his captain's life, together with several other minor misdemeanors of which I am not in possession. I never was called upon to witness such a solemn scene, and never wish to be again.

INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.

A fact of great interest has been proved by the borings for Artesian wells in the suburbs of Paris, namely, that as we go toward the centre of the earth the temperature increases at the rate of about one degree for every fifty feet. That the whole interior portion of the earth, or at least a great portion of it, is an igneous scene of melted rock, agitated by violent winds, though I dare not affirm it, is still rendered highly probable by the phenomena of volcanoes. The facts concerned with their eruptions have been ascertained and placed beyond a doubt. How then are they to be accounted for? The theory prevalent a few years since, that they are caused by the combustion of immense coal beds, is perfectly pure and is entirely abandoned. All the coal in the world would never afford fuel enough for a single capital exhibition of Vesuvius. We must look higher than this; and I have little doubt that the whole rests on the action of electric and galvanic principles which are constantly in operation in the earth. We know that when certain metals are brought together, powerful electric action is evolved, and a light is produced, superior even in effulgence to the splendor of the sun. Now if a small arrangement produces such results, what may we not expect from the combination of these immense beds of metal to be found in the earth? Here we have the key to all the grand phenomena of volcanic action. An illustration on a small scale may be seen in an instrument called the thomometric battery, made of zinc, bismuth, and antimony, packed in a box and varnished. In this, heat is evolved below, while the top is cold; and here we have the very cause of the volcano, when in the interior a fiery ocean is heaving its surges, while its peak is capped with everlasting snows.—Prof. Silliman.

FAMILY OF LEIGH RICHMOND.

Mr. Richmond's first object was to make home the happiest place to his children; to render them independent of foreign alliances, in their pursuits and friendships; and so to interest them in domestic enjoyments, as to preclude the feeling, too common in young people, of restlessness and longing to leave their own firesides, and wander abroad in search of pleasure and employment. In this attempt to satisfy his family, and engage their compliance with his wishes, he so completely succeeded, that every member of it left home with regret, even on an occasional visit, and returned to Turvey with fond anticipation, as to the place of their treasures.

POWER OF FAITH.

Wherever we are, and however it is with us, faith sees that God is always the same, and is all-sufficient. Faith does not look at the difficulties in our way, but listens to the voice of the promises, and rests on the faithfulness of Him that hath promised. God will hear no voice but that of faith; and when faith speaks, God always hears. "Ask what you will, and it shall be given you." Faith honors God with confidence, and he crowns faith with success.—Jones.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1848.

SPIRIT OF THE METHODIST PRESS.

Florida Conference—Black Laws of Ohio—Yankee Methodist—Itinerary in Cities—Results of its Abolitionist—Christian Advocate and Journal, on the Property Question—Letter from our China Mission—The Church in the interior of New York.

The Southern Christian Advocate reports the proceedings of the Florida Conference, at Waynesville, which seems to have been a "queer" occasion. The editor says:—

The Conference began on Wednesday, the 9th, and could have closed on Friday following, but the bishop very judiciously eked out the session to Saturday, and after a suitable adjournment on Sunday night, pronounced the appointments, which seemed to please every man present. It was a most delightful session, and although there were but five families which entertained the preachers, yet the hospitality with which they were entertained, we have never seen excelled. Some half a score of us were quartered with the merchant of Waynesville, Mr. M., a noble hearted member of the Lutheran Church, but a liberal supporter of the institutions of our communion. As many, perhaps, were entertained by a liberal member of the Baptist Church, in whose house of worship the Conference held its religious services—there is no Methodist Church in Waynesville, which is no town, but merely a healthful summer retreat for the planters, who have their plantations on the adjacent rivers.

Two were admitted on trial; two into full connection; one supernumerary, and three located. Increase of 38—making the total membership of the Conference, 6,863. The dividend was 49 per cent.

The leading editorial of the WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE is a long article on Christian Perfection. The editor also has at some of the politicians of the State. Respecting its "Black Laws" he says:—

The repeal of these laws has failed in the legislature of this State; and yet these laws are a disgrace to the statute-book of any civilized country. Partisan politicians, when candidates for office, and party meetings, in their resolutions, have denounced these laws; and yet when the time came to vote them out of the statutes, the motion signally failed. Such a moral wrong is well calculated to lead every good citizen, who hates oppression, to seek a better form of political parties, than either of the two leading parties which now are striving for the mastery.

There is a letter in this number, from Bro. Miller the German Missionary, respecting his visit to our city. He says:—

The preachers appeared to be fully alive to the interests of our Zion. If any of our friends in the West think that these Yankees, as they are called, are a cold, formal set of men, let them take a trip to Boston, and they will find that after making some little allowance for the difference in education, and other circumstances, Methodist preachers and Methodism are the same here that they are in the West.

THE NASHVILLE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE contains a column and a half of closely printed revival notices. There is considerable religious interest in the South, but the general revival now prevalent in the North and West, seems not to have yet reached that portion of the country.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL contains an interesting and warm appeal "To the Members of the M. E. Church in the City of New York," by a "Layman," in behalf of the itinerant mode of ministerial labor. This lay brother says:—

I have noticed, as a rule, that I have never yet found an exception, that just in proportion as our ministers and members have lost their adherence to the peculiarities of Methodism, and contracted congregational attachments, just in that proportion their piety, their zeal, and their usefulness, have diminished. Now, my dear brethren, as one of your efforts, interested with you in the common cause, let me, in view of the judgment day, put the question, and ask for an answer. Are we not sadly deficient in obeying the calls of Christ upon us, as a branch of his general church? We have no itinerancy name, but we are not, by our own conduct, especially in this city, paralyzing its influence by our tendency to congregationalism in fact? Is not the oneness of our connection almost destroyed by the local, congregational interests, which have been generated and fostered among us? Are not our twenty-five stations in this city, instead of maintaining the position of so many societies of one church, united in one connection, fast assuming practically the character of separate and distinct churches? Are we not, as our local and congregational attachments increase, in a corresponding degree, losing our interest in one another? And is it not perfectly obvious, that our ministers are affected by our sympathies, and are losing, many of them, the true, itinerant, missionary, Methodist spirit? Brethren, let us think on these things. The mischief which has in some degree paralyzed the Methodist Church, has been the abandonment of the essence of an itinerant ministry, both in the country and city, by the destruction of circuits, and the multiplication of stations. The remedy is to retrace our steps, go back to the point where we diverged from the straight line of Methodism, and seek out and follow the old paths.

He affirms strongly the advantages of the change he proposes.

The difficulty of stationing preachers would be diminished; men of different gifts and qualifications brought together, would be more useful both to the people and themselves; the three or four ministers in each circuit, being all ministers of the whole church in the circuit, there would be less danger that any station would be embarrassed, or its efforts paralyzed, by an unacceptable preacher; the strong would help the weak, and all would together work for Christ; the intercourse which would be produced among the members of different stations of different temperaments, would mutually benefit the whole; the minister would be greatly improved, and in their improvement the people would be benefited. Many of the ministers now seem to feel, that they cannot fulfill their appointments by preaching every Sabbath to their people; hence we find them scouring the city, fanning and panting, after some lady or some thing to preach for them, and day after day their own duty is neglected, and they do nothing, while somebody else does their work. As the consequence, they become half-hearted in their business, and amazingly shrunk, both in their religion and their usefulness. A Methodist minister who is not always ready to preach, and who does not always desire to preach whenever there is a chance to warn sinners, had better at once go into some other business. His call is run out; give up the proposed plan, and a great improvement will be seen in this respect.

Dr. Bond "comes out" in his last number in favor of a division of the church property with the M. E. Church, South. He proposes to not only divide the Book Property with him, but to give them, also, from that property, an equum, for their claim on the Chartered Fund. His reasons are:—

1. That the action of the last General Conference, however illegal, afforded the Church, South, grounds to expect its claim.

2. The Annual Conferences by a large majority (though not the requisite one) did favor the Plan of Separation.

3. The action of the Annual Conferences though against it, yet by the nature of the reasons assigned for that action, countenanced the expectation of the Church, South.

4. The claimants on the dividends of the property, in the Southern Conferences, especially widows and orphans, did not divide the church, and ought not to forfeit their claims on account of the division.

5. The membership of the Church, South, had little or nothing to do with the division, and therefore ought not to lose the aid they have heretofore received from the Book Concern in the support of their supernumerary preachers, &c.

6. The Southern Church helped to provide the property.

We may heretofore examine these arguments more fully, but meanwhile would ask, that if they are fully admitted, yet why give them as reasons for a pro rata

division of the property, when the alleged claim of the South can be better met on conditions which would save the necessity of a division, and obviate all its disadvantages? The Doctor is to give us his plan for the division hereafter. He speaks as follows of the views of the "law-suit" advocates:—

We confess we deprecate a lawsuit, for the reason that no one can foresee the issue of anything which depends upon "the glorious uncertainties of the law;" and because, after all the expenses of a lawsuit, the moral question would remain unchanged. Whatever is right now, will remain to be right after the legal decision is had, and yet the legal decision may not be in accordance with the moral justice of the case. But whether it is, or not, the evils it will produce will be great, and abiding. There is bitterness of feeling enough already. Who can estimate how much will be added by the asperity of litigation, and the mortification of defeat? For ourselves, we cannot see how a legal claim is to be sustained by the M. E. Church, South. She appears to have precluded, and concluded herself, in the admission of the necessity for altering the constitution, in order that a portion of the Book Concern might be transferred to her. It would appear, that on this admission, the same constitutional difficulty, which the Southern delegates admitted to stand in the way of their claim in 1844, still remains; for the constitutional restriction has not been removed. Yet we are not a lawyer, and if we were it would not insure us against mistake in such matters; for we apprehend it to be possible that good lawyers might hold contrary opinions on the subject. We could advise people to bring on the subject, but we do not take for granted that their claim is good in law, and rush into litigation in their confidence of success, rather than wait the delay which an amicable adjustment must require. The delay may be much more brief than a lawsuit, after all.

There are nearly three columns of revival intelligence in the Advocate, and a brief letter from Br. M. C. White, dated *Fauk Chau Fu, China*. He says:—

We find everything here so fitted for our reception that we are sure that the Lord has sent his angel before us. The hand of Providence is plainly visible. We are all enjoying good health, and rejoicing to enter upon our appointed work. We all feel that it is a privilege to stand here, on heathen shores. The people manifest none but the kindest feelings toward us; there is not the least obstacle to females reading here, provided they enjoy good health, and understand superintending their own domestic affairs. Plenty of servants can be obtained at three or four dollars a month, inclusive of the rice furnished to them, but they know nothing of our ways of cooking, &c., and understand nothing of English; but this is all the better, for it compels one to learn Chinese in the most effectual way. Foreigners, either male or female, are a great curiosity here, and crowds frequently gather to gaze when we go into a street where we have not been before; but they always give way, and allow us to pass unmolested wherever we choose to go. When we offer to see us, we tribulation the people receive them with the greatest eagerness. Frequently, one man who has got a tract will read it aloud to others. Occasionally, when we return through a street, we see persons to whom we have given tracts busy reading them. We are surprised at the number of the laboring people who read fluently. Rev. Mr. Johnson thinks that half the females can read. The girls, from six to ten or twelve years of age, attend the same schools with the boys, which is not the case at any other city open to foreigners, so far as I have seen. The presence of foreign trade at this port, and the friendly disposition of the people, make this city a very inviting field for missionary labor. Our arrival is well known by the highest authorities, and they also understand that our business is not to make money, but merely to distribute books and communicate religious instruction. We have received visits from several mandarins, as well as merchants, brokers, gentry, literary men, and common people. A high military mandarin, from Amoy, hearing of us, called to see us. Several persons of wealth and influence, from the inside of the city, have called to see us. We communicate a little with them by the use of phrase-books, and occasionally by an interpreter. We treat those who call as kindly as we can, and embrace the opportunity to distribute tracts. The Chinese are a very polite people, and treat us with great politeness, whatever they may think of us. Living here is good and cheap.

I hope our Board are about sending out more missionaries to this field. There is a wide door opened in this city. Rev. Mr. Johnson, of the American Board, has been here about a year, and Rev. Mr. Peck and family came on with us from Amoy. There are no other missionaries here except one Roman Catholic, who is nearly discouraged.

THE NORTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE reports numerous revival notices—which indicate a general resurrection of the church in the interior of New York. This paper avails the controversial questions of the times, and is rapidly growing in patronage—it deserves its success.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

POPERY IN CHINA.—The Papists are evidently intending to make vigorous efforts in China, during the present year. Their agent at Hong Kong has contracted with the Steam Navigation Company to transport one hundred priests to the Celestial Empire, during the year.

RELIGION IN PRUSSIA.—In a late address of the King of Prussia to a delegation that waited on him for the purpose of obtaining some change in the mode of administering the rites of the church, as reported by a correspondent of an English Journal, he expressed his confident belief that the church in its dominions "is beginning to awake to a new life."

"Forty years ago," he says, "how small was the company of believers! It is now mightily increased." This cheering statement, the correspondent believes to be well founded.

The treaty between the Pope and the Emperor of Russia has been ratified. By this the Roman Church is to be tolerated in Russia.

AN ENGLISH BISHOP IN CHINA.—It is intended, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, to send a new English bishopric somewhere in the Chinese seas, probably at Victoria, Hong Kong. Towards the funds for this purpose there is at present upward of 8000*l.* in hand (5000*l.* of which is for a college, granted in part by anonymous donors, and the remainder collected under a pastoral letter by the Bishop of London). The remaining sum necessary is to be collected by voluntary subscriptions, about 20,000*l.* being required before the consent of the Government for the foundation of a new see can be expected.

RELIGIOUS PROSPECTS IN FRANCE.—Since the first days of the French Revolution, there seems never to have been a wider opening for the Gospel in that country than at the present hour. Whole communities have laid aside the superstitions of Rome, and seem to be thirsting for the religion of the Bible. The great difficulty is, not to find an opening for labor, but to obtain laborers for the pious harvest.

THE JESUITS DISMISSED FROM VIENNA.—The Dutch papers state, on the authority of an account received from Frankfurt, that the Jesuits who sought the hospitality of Austria, when banished from Switzerland, have once more left Vienna, to seek shelter elsewhere.

EFFECTS OF POPERY.—The Prussian State Gazette, in an article on the Irish Corcoran Bill says:— "It is impossible for any one who is acquainted with the condition of the people of Ireland, their absolute dependence on the priesthood, the access of the Popish priest to the conscience of each individual by means of the confessional, and the whole tendency of this infernal war—it is impossible we say, for such a one to doubt that the priests are informed of each individual assassination. The Roman Church, with its agitating and abominable priest, is therefore in Ireland the great confederate in crimes, which, in their cruelty and blood-thirstiness, are not exceeded by the accumulated horrors of the night of St. Bartholomew in France. Let the public imagine what the moral condition of such a

people must be when their very religion is blood-stained. Well may the Journal des Debats call Ireland 'the red stain on the map of Europe;' but it is not red from the blood effused by an oppressive government, but from the sanguinary contests and the secret wickedness of its own sons."

LITERARY NOTICES.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The March number of this fine monthly has been received. Its embellishment is an elegantly executed engraving of Wesley's tomb, in City Road Chapel burial ground. The contents of the number are quite varied and excellent. We receive most of the monthlies of this country, but none with more satisfaction than the Repository. The following is the list of articles:—Tomb of Wesley; Woman, by Imogen Mercier; Sketches of Travel by a Voyager; Anticipations, by Rev. A. Gardner; Death of Cleopatra, by Miss Alice Carey; A Tribute to Mr. Durant Waterman, by George Waterman Jr.; Sketches of New England Life, by the editor of Zion's Herald; Christian Liberty, by a Lady; The Angel of His Presence; Alice Maywood, by Mrs. S. J. Howe; Mutations of Humanity, by Prof. Larabee; Frances Elizabeth, by Miss M. E. Wentworth; Piety; Rev. Valentine Cook, by Bishop Morris; The Homely Club, by Richard Ringwood, Secretary; The Lord's Prayer, by George Johnson; The Dying Procrastinator, by Victor; Duty to God; Editorial Remarks; Notices; Editor's Table; Evening Thoughts, by Mrs. C. Gardner. \$2 per annum, Binney, Othman & Co., 1 Cornhill.

MEMOIR OF REV. O. SCOTT.—We are indebted for a copy of this work, to the author, Rev. Mr. Matlack. It consists of two parts, first an auto-biographical sketch taken from the lips of Mr. Scott, a few days before his death;—and second, an expansion and continuation of this sketch. Such an arrangement must of course be awkward, to say the least, yet the compiler has made an interesting volume, written with vigor and characterized by, perhaps, as much impartiality as could be reasonably expected from one who shared as a partisan in the most important transactions of the life he records. Orange Scott was a sincere man, we always insisted upon this; but he erred most egregiously, yet always on the side of humanity—a very redeeming fact. His impiety was the calamity (as well as in many respects the excellence) of his life. He had not that necessary qualification of a great reformer—patient reliance on time. When thirty-three years old, and after having been a popular preacher ten years in the Methodist Episcopal Church, he tells us he did not suppose that slavery existed in the M. E. Church, or any other evangelical church, or indeed, scarcely knew that it was a serious evil of the Southern States, yet, soon after, he was astir through most of the North, lecturing on this subject. His hasty language incessantly exposed him to misrepresentation, and his hasty measures could not but have a reaction. The great error of his life was his hasty conclusion. Had he and his followers remained with us, the changes at the last General Conference would have satisfied most of them, for the present at least, and been a sufficient guarantee of the future, and all the heart-burnings, strifes and desolations of the schism been prevented. A most serious fault of this volume is a lack of candid explanation adapted to common readers; for instance, our bishops are represented as refusing to put anti-slavery motions, even when demanded by large majorities, &c. They appear in these pages, the veriest tyrants—no explanation being made of the fact that Conferences are only executive and judicial bodies, with specified and limited business, and that it could not be rightfully demanded of the bishops to allow foreign business (especially such as might peril themselves at the General Conference, where all their acts are reviewed), and that the bishops could not rightfully allow such business, while a minority, however small, objected. We might complain of other matters, but forbear. The schism has evidently had its day, in New England, at least; it cannot become permanently important for the invariable reason that it is not needed. *M. Y. Felt, 119 Hanover street.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE for March, is adorned by two very fine engravings, besides some six or eight wood cuts, illustrative of the text. The principal contributors to the number, are Simms, Poe, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Kirkland the editress, &c. In literary excellence, as well as mechanical execution, this is one of the finest periodicals of the country. *Hatchess & Co., 12 Court Street, Boston.*

NO. 109 OF LITTLE'S LIVING AGE is out with an attractive list of articles—the leading one being on Frederick the Great, from the London Quarterly, 165 Tremont Street.

LITTLE ROBINSON is the title of the second volume of Chambers' new Juvenile Library Series, republished in the neatest style by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston. The name of Chambers is full guarantee of the literary excellence of these works; their mechanical execution is uncommonly beautiful. The engravings and gilt illuminations of the covers are seldom equalled this side the Atlantic.

SORIN & BALL, Philadelphia, have published a volume of Anniversary exercises for Sunday Schools, entitled "The Sunday School Speaker," prepared by Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of the M. E. Church. It includes a great variety of articles, including numerous beautiful hymns. Such a work has been in much demand. It can be found at Binney, Othman & Co., 1 Cornhill, Boston.

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE for March, has been received. It contains some twenty-three entertaining articles, a very good piece of music, and two elegant engravings. We are glad to notice that the usual "Fashion Plate" is omitted, and is to appear hereafter but once a quarter, which is only four times a year too often. Wood cuts, illustrative of the letter-press, are to be substituted—a specimen is given in the present number—a really fine example of caricature. *Taylor, New York.*

FAUK CHAU is the title of a very interesting little volume, descriptive of the locality of our China Mission, and embodying a variety of information respecting China. It is one of our S. S. Series. *Binney, Othman & Co., Boston.*

AN INTERESTING BOOK. Our German Missions are one of the most interesting and marvellous features of our history as a Church, and yet there are many of our people, who seem to know but little of what God has been working by us, in this respect. It is generally known, that our Book Concern has issued the most interesting history of these Missions, from the pen of Bro. Miller, one of the missionaries? It may be had at Binney, Othman & Co., 1 Cornhill, Boston.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for March, contains the following articles.

I. The Past, the Present, and Future.

II. Rev. Samuel Ripley.

III. Claims of the Ministry.

IV. The Episcopal Revolution.

V. Chase's Apostolical Constitutions—Carey's Neander.

VI. Italy, and Pius Ninth.

VII. Hedge's Prose Writers of Germany.

VIII. Prison Discipline.

IX. Sermons on Christian Communion.

Recent Publications—Intelligence, \$4 per an. Crosby & Nichols, Boston.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

Traits of the West—Mixture of Population—Variety of Soil.

In the West now as in the last ten years, there is a constant progress; particularly in the migration of the people. "Westward the star of Empire goes"—and when the people get as far as the great lakes, they have a desire to go farther. So much unoccupied land makes them restless. They see floating in the distance an Eden-like land; the which vision stimulates their marching north. This movement of society with us, makes the fluctuation of prices and demands. Had we the stern immobility of New England matters, we could always tell our latitude better. The whole world so far as it moves, moves towards us. The attention of Eastern monarchs, electors and princes, is turned to the vast Mississippi Valley, or great American bottom. The operatives of European factories, the beggars in their streets, the paupers in their deplorable work houses, the tenant crushed by his insolent landlord, all these hear good news of glad tidings, as they imagine, and the fever of mind for going thither rages so furiously that safety is the result of a movement; this of course brings all opinions, creeds, languages, and national and educational prejudices to this rendezvous of the earth. It requires a large degree of principle, and piety of the most exalted character, to melt and mould such a heterogeneous mass for the purpose of life and eternity, by those whom God has placed there. And when we consider that in the West, they sell out and pack up, and go West still, the diversities of education and religion operate to our great detriment. There are other portions of this country, situated in this respect as we are, yet not to the same extent. It is of God that this land is wide enough to give each a home, and fertile enough to give all bread.

Perhaps the soil of the Western country is not equalled in the world, for its native richness. In color it varies in different places. In fertility there is less difference. Experience teaches us, that the Lord has distributed the productive principle in this soil, more than men of local interest are willing to allow. Some parts of Wisconsin and Illinois, are more undulating than others; but the country bordering on the Mississippi (called the mining region) is the most rolling, or hilly. Timber land is rich, because of the heavy fall of foliage that annually decends and decomposes. Prairie is generally fertile; for although the growth may be large, in its decay it enriches the more. In the mining region the soil has a yellowish color. In the North East of Wisconsin, the soil looks more like New England's, than any I have seen in the West. But in the South of the Territory (as in all Illinois, nearly), the soil is a thick vegetable loam, or peat. The depth of the soil is from one to five feet, perhaps in valleys and extensive bottoms; as in the Rock River country, the soil may be a little deeper. In wet weather this sort of earth looks like some fine black mud. In dry weather, it retains its moisture, but on the roads it forms a greasy sand. There being no rocks here, as with you, to disintegrate, consequently the whole composition thereof must be vegetable. In some places, the face of the country is as level as the face of a lake. This uniformity of surface secures uniformity of quality. In a hilly country the falling rain dissolves the richest part of the soil and carries it with violence from every mountain to the valleys. The whole fertility of the soil is thus deposited in low narrow ranges. But here the rain cannot carry away the best of the soil, for the levelness of the land forbids it. The highest land produces as heavy crops as any; indeed we have but little, that will bear that name. Our swiftest rivers make no deposits of any note, (except the "father of waters," below the Missouri). Our deepest soil, is not alluvial as your valleys chiefly are. But on the account of a peculiar productivity, given after the deluge, to certain portions of the soil, it grew more abundant crops; these more rapidly growing and dying, have increased the depth thereof.

I should think that some parts of our Western country, had almost an impervious sub-soil. Where the sub-stratum is a hard clay, in wet weather you will always find bad roads, because the water cannot descend. This produces evil consequences in warm dry weather. The sun soon evaporates all the moisture of the outer surface, the hard sub-soil prevents the absorption of water, from an under region, and soon the earth cracks open and vegetation dies. But in those parts where the sub-soil is gravel or sand (and these are by far the most numerous) the extra heat of summer draws moisture from below to supply plants with juice. While all the upper soil is good enough, it will be seen that beneath and out of sight, there is mischief sometimes. The wisdom of God is discovered in concealing this; so that the whole land may be occupied. Indeed there is no earthly good, however we may admire some qualities in it, but what has hidden or open defects.

When the Indians occupied this country, the grass grew a third thicker and two thirds taller than it does now. Then the soil was not taxed for aught except its own fertilization, their little ponies made no impression on the luxuriant verdure except that often they were concealed in it. Then every fall, they commenced a fire somewhere, that burned millions of acres, it is created. Indeed there was nothing but rivers to dispute it, in turning all to ashes. The wild red man has left, and so has the wildness of the soil. Now the plough tells its native strength. What a blessing to the world, would it be, if the full history of this country, five hundred years since, had been written by some son of the forest. Could such a work be now discovered and authenticated, how a reading people would devour its contents. What tales of wars, murder, adventures, travels, laws, life and savagisms, would be related. Much as we in the West would like it, we never will see it. As for the book of Mormon, every honest, sane man, believes that to be an imposition, a legend of no more than is in a "ghost story."

Beloit, Wis., Feb. 2, 1848.

DEDICATION.

Our new and beautiful church, recently erected by the Methodist Episcopal Society in this place, was dedicated to the worship of God, on Tuesday, the 15th inst. After listening to the deeply interesting introductory exercises, we were favored with a sermon from Dr. Higgins, of Boston, founded on Philippians, 2:5-9. The subject matter of the sermon was Christ. As the speaker exhibited the beauties, perfections, and attributes of the Savior, and in a masterly manner vindicated his Divine character, it seemed that the third person in the Trinity descended with his sweet influences to bless the congregation.

But we will not further comment, fearing that language is inadequate to describe the power, majesty, and glory of the occasion. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. Lewis Bates. As the veteran father presented the church in all its parts as an offering to high heaven, we believe that all felt that the offering was accepted. We were also favored with a poem, prepared for the occasion and delivered by Albert D. Hatch, Esq., of New Bedford. It was finely written, beautifully adapted, and added much to the interest of the day. The choir performed their part finely and deserve much praise. Several ministers of the vicinity were present, and participated in the interest of the occasion. Among them were Rev. B. Othman, Rev. Messrs. Hooker, Cobb, and Hyde, Congregational clergymen. Our house, we think, is not surpassed by any one in the vicinity in architectural

neatness and beauty; it is plain and chaste, finished and furnished throughout. Much credit is due Messrs. Dunham and Baylies, the builders.

In conclusion, we wish, in behalf of the M. E. Society of this place, to offer our thanks to our friends in Boston, Lowell, Nantucket, and New Bedford, for the aid they have given us in the erection and furnishing of the church. Very truly yours, E. D. TRASKY.

Falmouth, Mass., Feb. 29.

AMENIA SEMINARY.—We have received the annual catalogue of this Institution, from which we learn that its students have been, during the year,

Gentlemen,	161
Ladies,	125
Total,	286

Its faculty is composed as follows:—
Rev. Erastus O. Haven, A. M., Principal and Teacher of Moral Science and Chemistry.
Thomas P. Underwood, A. M., Teacher of English Literature.

Gilbert Haven, A. B., Teacher of Ancient Languages and Literature.
William M. Ingraham, A. B., Teacher of Mathematics and Natural Science.
Horatio N. Powers, Assistant Teacher.

Mrs. Caroline G. Randall, Preceptress, and Teacher of Drawing and Painting.
Miss Elizabeth A. Vail, Teacher of French and Botany.
Miss Julia F. Lines, Teacher of Instrumental Music.

SOUTH WESTERN CONFERENCES.

Dr. Capers gives in the Southern Christian Advocate, the following statistics of the South Western Conferences.

Trav.	French.	Local.	Whites.	Col'd.	Inc.	Decre.
Missouri,	21	87	2817	1164		252
St. Louis,	59	163	12022	595		(See No.)
Ind. Mission,	33	82	97	273	3477	692
Arkansas,	43	148	8124	1750		672
East Texas,	24	70	4236	637		394
Texas,	39	54	2468	779		663
	240	554	37805	5498	3477	2613

LOCAL PREACHERS.—The number of local preachers, (included in the above number), in the several Conferences, are as follows:—In the Missouri Conference, 87; St. Louis, 163; Ind. Mission, 32; Arkansas, 43; East Texas, 70; Texas, 54.

LITERARY ITEMS.

EDUCATION.—A premium of one hundred dollars is offered for the best essay "On the Educational System of the Puritans, as compared with that of the Jesuits," which shall be sent to Rev. Theron Baldwin, No. 3 Pine Street, New York, before August 1, 1848; to be awarded by Hon. Mr. Frelinghuysen, and Rev. Drs. Bacon and Barnes.

THE CROMWELL LETTERS IN FRASE.—The "Thirty-five unpublished letters of Oliver Cromwell," still continue to be a subject of controversy. Mr. Carlyle has repeated his belief of their genuineness in a letter addressed to a gentleman at Norwich; and the Examiner has handled the dispute on Mr. Carlyle's side with talent and ingenuity. Lord Jeffrey has written a long letter on the subject, weighing the probabilities like a judge, sifting the letters from first to last, and summing up against them. Mr. Bruce, long the secretary of the Camden Society, and a gentleman thoroughly versed in the history of Cromwell and his times, has, it is understood, expressed his strong conviction that they are nothing more than ingenious imitations. There is not a new fact, it is said, in the whole thirty-five letters; they confirm, they illustrate, but beyond this they contribute nothing.

Cromwell, says another person, could never have written "Hobbes's Wain" for "Hobson's Wain;" the wagon of the well-known Cambridge carrier; while others urge that they are untrue in one important point to Cromwell's character, representing him as seeking the Lord in the Bible by the Sortes Virgilianae; whereas Cromwell's seeking the Lord was always by prayer.

A New York correspondent of the Saturday Evening Post says:—"Washington Irving is in fine health, and at his beautiful retreat of Sunnyside, leading a most peaceful and happy life. For upwards of a year past, he has been trying to obtain a publisher who would bring out a complete edition of his works, but his efforts thus far have been in vain. If this is not a disgrace to the publishers of the land what can be. The poet Halleck is in town, and is as quiet in his movements as he has been for the last thirty years.—Though the confidential clerk of the most wealthy man in this country, he seems to have little to do but to buy books and visit the theatres and wonders of the town. He seldom goes into company, but numbers his personal friends by the thousands. The last time that I saw him, he was seated in one of the cars of the Harlem Railroad, reading Hobbes's Review of Child Harold."

THE CHURCHES.

BARTLETT, N. H.—Rev. John L. Frazier writes, Feb. 26th.—The Lord is reviving his work on Bartlett charge. We have held a series of meetings which resulted in the salvation of souls. In the midst of great trials the Lord has spoken peace to those who believe on him.

BUXTON.—Rev. A. Turner writes, March 1.—Say to the friends of Zion that the Lord is with us on Buxton charge; though we have not seen what we hoped to see, yet I trust that our labor is not in vain. I have received sixteen into full connection and several on trial; thank God for this, and we hope for better times. I will also say we are building a meeting house; we are all united, striving together. Pray for us. All yours belongs to God.

MOUTONBORO', N. H.—Rev. J. G. Johnson writes, February 28.—Giving God all the glory forever, we say it is true there has been a comforting revival on some parts of Moutonboro' and Tamworth circuit. Since Conference we have been laboring with might and main, amid the crumbling ruins of "dry bones" and death, for reformation in the name of the Lord. Thus far, labor has not been in vain. A few souls have found the Savior precious for the first time, a goodly number have been brought back from their wandering, and many things have been strengthened "which remained and were ready to die." Had all the conviction, which has for a time, by the influences of the Spirit and Divine truth, prevailed, been yielded to, and the vows, that have been made in these seasons, been paid, our report would have been full. God grant that fruit may yet appear and "shake like Lebanon," and "flourish as the grass of the earth." A twenty-five dollar donation visit of the right spirit, accompanied the refreshing from God's presence, in South Tamworth. The whole is a source of courage and strength to a laborer on hard soil, and draws forth gratitude to Him who can alone give the "increase." With the editor of Zion's Herald, Bishop Morris, and every other reformation spirit, we go for revival in the strength of that God whose name is Jehovah. Oh, that the mantle of those who have been as a flame of fire, might fall on the church of this age. Ye men of God, strike hard for victory if it is in you; if not, get "endued with it from on

high." Baptism of the Holy Ghost descend, and crown the labor with success.

COMINNA CIRCUIT, Me.—Rev. S. F. Wetherbee writes, Feb. 22.—Br. Stevens—Please say to the friends of Zion, that the Lord is pouring out his spirit upon us in Stetson. The wicked oppose and scoff, but Christians pray, and God works. About twenty have found peace

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE MASSACHUSETTS HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANY, OF BOSTON.
INCORPORATED IN 1847.
WITH A GUARANTEE CAPITAL INVESTED ACCORDING TO ACT OF LEGISLATURE,
Is now insuring male persons between the ages of 16 and 65, and in good health, against the expenses of all their sickness, or disability arising from accident or disease, during the term of
ONE, TWO, THREE AND FIVE YEARS,
from the date of the policy. Premium payable yearly, in advance. No policy to attach until the annual premium is paid. For a small premium, to be paid each year, male persons may secure themselves a weekly
FOUR, SIX, OR EIGHT DOLLARS.

in time of sickness, by applying either to the only office of the Company in the city.

No. 4 MUSEUM BUILDING,
Trenton Street.

or to its authorized agents. There is, on the part of the insured,

NO LIABILITY TO ASSESSMENTS.

but every policy holder is entitled to a share of the PROFITS OF THE COMPANY, after a division of six per cent. to the Stockholders. The stock is divided into shares of twenty-five dollars each, and is transferable at will, subject to the approval of the Policy holders, but a person may be insured without owning any stock.

A DIVIDEND OR RETURN PREMIUM will be made once a year, if the business of the Company will admit of it. This is very likely to occur, as this is the sole Health Insurance Company located in the City of Philadelphia, and its business has been, and is likely to continue to be, of the most encouraging character. It already numbers about

TWO THOUSAND MEMBERS,

obtained within the last year, and has paid out the short space of ten days (in the month of January last) more than 200 persons joined the institution. The affairs of the Company are managed by twenty Directors; and the Secretary is the only salaried officer, and is well and judiciously chosen in all the expenditures. A liberal course is observed in

THE SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS,

and out of more than a hundred, there has been only one in which the Company has felt it to take advantage of its right to defer the payment ten days.

DIRECTORS.

Thomas Tarrell, Importer, British Goods, 65 Water st.
Holmes Hinkley, Locomotive Engine Building, Harrison Avenue.
John H. Rogers, Shoe and Leather Dealer, 36 Trenton Row.
J. H. Wilkie, Paper Dealer and Book Binder, 16 Water St.
Uriel Crocker, Bookseller and Publisher, 47 Washington

tea days (in the month of January last) more than 200 persons joined the institution. The affairs of the Company are controlled by twenty Directors; the Secretary is the only salaried officer, and a proper economy is observed in all the expenditures. A liberal course is observed.

THE SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS,

and out of more than a hundred, there has been only one in which this Company has seen fit to take advantage of its right to defer the payment ten days.

DIRECTORS.

Thomas Tarbell, Importer of British Goods, 55 Water st.
Holmes Hinkley, Locomotive Engine Building, Harrison Avenue.

John H. Rogers, Shoe and Leather Dealer, 8 Tremont Row.
J. W. Hopkins, Paper Dealer and Publisher, 16 Water Street.
Uriel Crocker, Bookseller and Publisher, 47 Washington

Street.
Otis Tufus, Machinist and Steam Engine Builder, East Boston.
William A. Brewer, Wholesale Druggist, 60 Washington Street.
C. William Loring, Concellor, 39 Court Street.
E. P. Whipple, Superintendent of Merchants' Reading Room, State Street.
Enoch A. Hobart, Dry Goods Jobber, Milk Street.
Seth Adams, Machinist, South Boston.
Henry Williams, Treasurer of Chatham and Worcester Railroad Corporation; resides at Roxbury.
Thomas W. Hooper, Paying Teller of Merchants' Bank; resides in Charlestown.
Dexter Brigham, Jr., Express Office, 8 Court Street.
William A. Pierpont, Brass Founder and Machinist, corner of High's Court and South Street.
Moses Kimball, Boston Museum.
Elwin R. Clark, Dealer in Lace Goods, 269 Washington Street.
James French, Publisher, Bookseller and Stationer, 78 Washington Street.
Lyons Cham, Quincey Stone Quarry, Sea Street.
Calvin Shepard, Paper Maker, Framingham.
THOMAS TARBELL, President.
A. L. STIMSON, Secretary.

CONSULTING PHYSICIAN :
DR. GEORGE H. LYMAN, Boylston Street.
MAIN OFFICE NO. 1 MUSEUM BUILDING.

March 1

Boston. 4p4t

THE ORIGINAL STORE. THE BOSTON CHINA TEA COMPANY, No. 188 Washington St., opposite the Marlboro' Hotel, Boston, has been in operation for five years. Originated for the sole purposes of buying and selling the best make better selections, and sell cheaper than those unexampled success. Purchasing whole chests at once, and sending for cash only, at a small advance on the pound, they are enabled to make better selections, and sell cheaper than those unengaged exclusively in the trade. As a general rule there is **TWENTY PER CENT. SAVED** in purchasing of us. We will sell

5 lbs good Black Tea, for	\$1.25
5 lbs superior Black Tea, (Oolong flavor.)	1.50
5 lbs good Green Tea,	1.75
5 lbs young Yung Yung Hsien,	2.00
5 lbs delicious Green Tea,	2.25

Many large charges 75 cents per pound for no better Tea. We have the most stylish peculiar or any style peculiar one half pound to ten pound packages, comprising over fifty different

found at the Company's Warehouse, directing and superintending the packing, &c., and will be happy so have his friends call on him.

Our aim is to sell good Tea cheap for cash. Any person, by enclosing the money in a letter, in presence of a Post Master, and sending by mail, will have the Teas carefully packed and

Orders sent through express-men answered with the same care as on a personal application, and with promptness.

An exclusive agent for the sale of our Teas, will be appointed in each town in New England, by application to the Company in Boston, postage paid.

We employ no travelling agents.

REDDING & CO., Proprietors.
eptol1—eotf

CHARLES WAITE, No. 54 CORNHILL,
has the following BOOKS for sale, at LOW prices :

United States Dispensary, by Wood and Bache.
Clarke's Commentary on the New Testament, in 1 vol.
Henry's Commentary, in 6 vols., sheep.
Patrick, Lowth, Whitby, Arnold, and Lowman's Commen-

7ary, in 4 vols.
 500 Sketches and Skeletons, 1 vol. 8vo.
 Hill's Ditty, 1 vol. 8vo.
 Mrs. Sherwood's Works, 15 vols.
 Miss Edgeworth's Do., 10 vols.
 Library of American Biography, 10 vols.
 Harper's School District Library, 50 vols. and case, very low.
 Guizot's History of Civilization, in 4 vols.
 Philosophy of Seasons, by Dr. Duncan.
 Free Church Pulpit, 3 vols. in 1.
 American Pulpit, 2 vols. in one.
 Relics of the Revolution.
 Life and Observations of Rev. E. F. Newell.
 Walks of Usefulness, by Miss Prior.
 Wheaton on the Law of Nations.
 Together with a good assortment of Miscellaneous, school
 and Blank Books, and the ordinary kinds of Stationery, school
 and retail.
 Feb. 22.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Suffolk.—To the next of kin, and all other persons in-
 terested in the estate of Lydia Barnes, late of Boston, in said
 County, Widow, deceased, Intestate :
 I, the undersigned, Clerk of the Supreme Court, do hereby give
 a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Mr
 Milton Daggett, of said Boston, Gentleman. You are hereby
 cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at said Court
 House on the twenty-fourth day of March next, at ten o'clock
 before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting
 the same.
 Given under my hand, and the Seal of said Court, this
 third of March 1851.
 I hereby direct that give public notice
 thereof three weeks successively in the newspaper called Zion's
 Herald and Wesleyan Journal, printed in Boston.
 Given under my hand this twenty-eighth day of February, in
 the year one thousand eight hundred and forty eight.
 EDWARD G. LORING Judge of Probate.
 A true Copy.
 Wm. W. R.

stone street, there may be found a good assortment of

Bureaus,	Card Tables,	Mattresses,
Bedsteads,	Centre do.	Carpeting,
Sofas	Dining do.	Clocks,

Looking Glasses Common do. Chairs, &c.,
and all other articles usually kept in a Furniture Store, and
warranted to be of good quality, and at as low prices as at any
other establishment in the city.
N. B. Goods leased on the most favorable terms.
G. W. PRUDEN,
March 31. G. W. PRUDEN, Jr.

EDWARD HENNESSY, DEALER IN CHAIRS
and Chamber Furniture. No. 23 Brattle Street, Boston,
a few doors from Court Street. Painted Chamber Furniture,
of all kinds. A general assortment of Chairs, consisting of
Wrought Pattern Mahogany Arm Chairs, new style Case Seat Of-
fice do. Rotary do. do. Common do. do. Extra style com-

EDWARD HENNESSY, DEALER IN CHAIRS
and Chamber Furniture. No. 23 Brattle Street, Boston,
a few doors from Court Street. Painted Chamber Furniture,
of all kinds. A general assortment of Chairs, consisting of
Boston Pattern Mahogany Arm Chair, new style Cane Seat Of-
fice do. Rotary do. do. Common do. do. Extra strong com-

mon chairs, suitable for offices and stores. A general assortment of cane seat and common chairs, also Rocking Chairs and Stools of all kinds, constantly on hand, Wholesale and Retail.
April 28, 1847. eply

FURNITURE AND FEATHER WARE.
HOUSE, Nos. 48 and 52 Blackstone Street. W. F. E. B. BRADBROOK, would inform his friends and customers that they continue business at their Old Stand, where he has found a good assortment of Furniture and Feathers, Mattresses Looking Glasses, &c. Goods packed for country trade at short notice.
N. B. Best quality Live Geese Feathers selling very cheap.
Washington
April 22

P. W. CASE, WOODEN WARE AND VARIETY STORE, Willow Ware, Carriages, Cradles, &c., No. 146 Washington Street, Boston.
He has just received a large quantity of the best material of REFRIGERATORS, of a superior quality, together with a complete assortment of Wooden, Tin, Japanese and Britannia Ware, and a variety of other articles for family use.
San. Jan. 12.

GRANDIN, DUDLEY & BLAKE, SURGEON DENTISTS, No. 238 WASHINGTON STREET.

FURNITURE AND FEATHER WARE.
HOUSE, Nos. 48 and 52 Blackstone Street. W. F. A.

E. H. BRABROCK would inform their friends and customers that they continue business at their Old Stand, where may be found a good assortment of Furnishings and Feather Trimmings, Looking Glasses, &c. Goods packed for country trade at special notice.

N. B. Best quality Live Geese Feathers selling very cheap
at
Apr. 22.

P. W. CASE, WOODEN WARE AND VA-
RIETY STORE, Willow Ware, Carriages, Cradles,
&c., No. 50 Washington Street, BOSTON. Also, Manufacturers of Refrigerators of a superior quality, and with a complete assortment of Woolen, Tin, Japanese and Britannia Ware, and a variety of other articles for family use.

Jan. 12.

G. RANDOL, DUDLEY & BLAKE, SUR-
GEON DENTISTS, No. 238 WASHINGTON STREET

N. B. Best quality Live Geese Feathers selling very cheap
if Apr. 22

P. W. CASE, WOODEN WARE AND VARIETY STORE, Willow Ware, Carriages, Cradles &c., No. 840 Washington Street, BOSTON. Also, Manufacturer of REFRIGERATORS of a superior quality, together with a complete assortment of Wooden, Tin, Japaned and Britannia Ware, and a variety of other articles for family use.

Jan. 12.

GRANDIN, DUDLEY & BLAKE, SURGEON DENTISTS, No. 238 WASHINGTON STREET.

For the Herald and Journal.

A LESSON OF FAITH.

Written on meeting with a little bird, during an afternoon's walk, on one of the late stormy days.

Sweet little wanderer from a flowery clime,
O whither speed'st thou on thy weary way?
Say, what bright land of song and summer-time
Hast thou forsaken, northward here to stray!

Here are no groves of beauty for thy rest,
No bowers of shelter from the stormy blast;
No leafy nook to screen thy woolly nest,
Nor insect swarm to yield the day's repast.

But here the winter's wind, with hollow moan,
From polar regions, sweeps the hill and vale;
Binding each leafless tree and brook and stone,
In icy fetters of the snow and hail.

Then stay no longer 'mid this cold and gloom—
Fly, fly away, to where the skies are warm;
O linger not, or death will be thy doom,
From pinching hunger, or the driving storm.

The little warbler soared into the air,
Then resting on its wing, in song replied,
Whose music tones so full of meaning were,
Its lack of human language well supplied:

"The creature of a father's love am I,
Without whose love the sparrow cannot fall;
Who feeds the wren at his needy cry,
My wants will care for at my feeble call."

I struggled hard to stem my gushing tears;
With burning heart my face was crimsoned o'er;
Reproached my faithless heart for dubious fears,
Wept for my unbelief, to doubt no more.

J. P.
Gloucester, Mass.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

All's for the best; be sanguine and cheerful;
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful;
Courage forever is happy and wise.

All for the best;—a man would but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
There is no dream of the grand and the poet;
Heaven is gracious, and all's for the best!

All for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of wisdom, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shore of despair has wandered,
A wayward, sorrowful, heart-stricken dove;

All for the best!—be man but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of this creature is guiding,
Wisely and wearily, all for the best.

All for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers and errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man:

All's for the best!—unbiased, unclouded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west;
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy, for all's for the best.

LADIES.

From the Mother's Assistant.

"SAW UP AND SAW DOWN."

PRIZE ARTICLE—BY MRS. HELEN C. KNIGHT.

Concluded.

Alas! that this should be a specimen for the rest of the week. On Saturday night, Mr. Giles paid off his workmen. Two men were sitting in the barn talking over the week's work; two men were leaning in their shirt sleeves, over the fence, discussing the merits of Mr. Giles's cabbages; Philip, Madison, and myself—for my brothers were always anxious and willing to help me along with them—with James Giles, were standing among the crows, patting one, pulling the ears of another, and admiring them all, especially the heifer which we wanted to buy.

Meanwhile, Mr. Giles came out with his wallet, settled with the men and laid out their plans for the next week. "Where are the boys?" he asked, not seeing us. Philip and Madison issued forth from behind the crows, somewhat hesitatingly, into the presence of their master. He was a tall, dark, stern-looking man, and not of gentle speech. The boys all about were afraid of him, especially of invading his peach and apple-orchard, for he was always sure to find them out. Mr. Giles had wonderful ubiquity about his premises, and those who did well for him, he was sure to befriend. He eyed the boys keenly. "Do you mean to go through the world as you have worked for me?" he asked, abruptly, nodding to Madison. Madison looked down, abashed, "and you?" he continued, "you Philip, I know your name, for I buried a little one by that name,"—upon which, the strong man's voice grew tremulous—"if you go through the world as you have worked for me, you will be a man, a rich man, an influential man, and a good man, I hope; and that is because you are willing to work for it." I looked out from behind a cow to hear the conversation. "And depend upon it, boys, as is the boy, so is the man," continued Mr. Giles; "what you are a boy, you will be a man, Philip. I will give you two shillings a day, and your brother shall have just what he has earned, namely, fourpence a day; upon which he began to make the change. There was a solemn pause, broken at last by low sobs. Madison was crying through sheer mortification. I remember I wanted to come to the rescue; and getting up to poor Madison's side, I looked stoutly up into Mr. Giles's face and said, pulling Madison's sleeve, "He can save wood, sir, he can saw!" How I got the courage, I am at loss to imagine. "Can he?" said Mr. Giles, pleasantly turning from the money in his hand, "I am very glad to hear that he is good for something. As he gave the wages into their hands, he said in a marked manner to Philip, "I shall be glad of your work next week, Philip," upon which he went back into the house, leaving us standing, and for a time speechless. Philip and I looked at each other. "I won't have it! I won't have any of his money!" at length said Madison, flinging his quarter upon the ground. Philip quietly picked it up, and walked home. Nothing was said. Mother was waiting for us, with our frugal meal. "And now I suppose you come with your first Saturday night's earnings," she said, smiling at us through the open window. Philip soberly laid in her lap, when we entered, the money, his own and Madison's. She looked at it and asked how it then happened. "It is no bad! I'll never work again," said Madison, after we had given her all the explanation we could, his kerchief still in communication with his eyes.

"And mother, I told Mr. Giles he could saw," said I, as if an important extension had been added. There was no mistaking our mother's look, though she said nothing. She was grieved and anxious; neither pity, or condolence, or blame came from her lips.

On the next evening, Sabbath evening, as we all sat on a rude bench, Philip's handy-work, at the back side of the house, with the Western sky for our picture, my mother recurred to the subject. Madison had been particularly meek and obliging all day, and his mind now calm, was open to reason and instruction. "My son," she said, taking his hand, and looking into his face, "do you not know that your industrious habits must be your main dependence in this world; that any character, which is worth having must be earned by effort? Do you not know that it is only by patient, courageous work-

ing, that any good is gotten?" She paused. "Madison, what you undertake, you must go through with manfully. Will you lag and dally by the way, a burden to yourself and to your friends?"

"I can saw," murmured he, looking pitifully down, "I like to saw."

"And do you know why?" she asked, earnestly, "it is because you have mastered the saw; you have actually conquered a wood pile; and so conquer all difficulties; work at them until they disappear before you; then you will feel manly; then you will know how great is your power to do; then you will love to do."

"I can't rake; I don't like to," muttered Madison.

"Can't!" said she with spirit; "will my son be conquered by a rake? What the saw could not do, shall the rake do?"

"No, mother," he answered with a decision uncommon to him, as he caught her spirit; then he added, looking down, "but I don't want to rake with Mr. Giles's rake."

"Then we shall never get our heifer, for nobody will have Madison now Mr. Giles turns him away," said Philip dolorously, as his heifer prospects seemed darkened.

"Not have the heifer!" echoed I, ready to cry; there was a long pause. Madison looked as if he felt good for nothing, as if he would give all the world to get out of this responsible corner. Heifer or no heifer was the question, and it seemed to depend upon him, still more upon his work. He looked around for relief, but in the faces of neither mother or brother did relief appear. His mother had not the money to advance, and Philip was doing all he could.

"Make up your mind to go back and ask Mr. Giles to let you try again," said our mother; "and then, Madison, take hold with a stout heart, of what is before you, and do it; do it and never flinch;" and then she told us how every thing truly valuable was to be earned by struggling and effort, the long striving which alone could open heaven to us.

In the morning, Madison appeared with a sorry air. He was undecided and therefore unhappy. How many inefficient boys of older growth can sympathize with him! Coveting the fruit of industry, yet incapable and unwilling to put shoulder to shoulder, and hand to hand, in the great battle of life.

At an early hour he went to his saw. Little by little, one tick at a time, he finished the wood necessary for the day. "I have done this," said he to himself; "I have done it—it is only saw up and saw down; what we want is to come to the point and then act, mother says." He stopped and surveyed his position: the heifer, Philip, his mother, and last, though not least, his reputation. "I must," he declared, stamping his foot firmly on a stick, "I must make up my mind, mother says, and then do it." Upon this, he turned and walked into the house.

"Mother, I will go to Mr. Giles's," he said, entering the kitchen, and planting himself before her at full height; the stoop in his back actually disappearing. She looked at him and her countenance expressed all he could wish. I do not know what passed between him and Mr. Giles, but Madison came home that evening in his highest spirits. "Mother!" he exclaimed, "I should like to be a farmer. I like farming, first rate. It was easy enough to see that his hand went with his will, and that went right. He felt the genuine joy of conquering himself, and achieving a work. Madison has since said, that when well nigh giving up, or when he began to lag by the way, he cried aloud to his flagging energies, "Do it! do it! a stout heart, mother says. If I can saw I can rake; and after all it is only saw up and saw down. I must help myself or nobody will," and away flew his rake over the hay.

It was the third year of our residence in the one-story house, on a pleasant September afternoon, that Bossey entered the yard. Philip behind her, Madison by her side, now and then patting her affectionately; mother and I were in the barn door awaiting her arrival.

"It is ours, our cow!" I exclaimed in ecstasy. "Is she not a beauty, mother?" exclaimed Madison, driving her so as to display her broad side to the best advantage. "One of the best heifers that Mr. Giles ever had, he says. Oh mother, where is the new calf? I learned all about milking over to Mr. Giles's. See her bag; is it not a beauty, mother?" As Philip threw back his hat, showing his sun-burnt features, lighted up with interest, he looked like the impersonation of bright, elastic, healthy boyhood.

Need I say that never was milk sweeter, nicer, richer, whiter, than was that. Need I say, that never cow existed like Bossey, never one so fat, so amiable, so excellent. Never was cow like that cow; and why? Because we had earned her. She was the product of our resolution. In her, my brothers tasted the sweets of achievement, as well as sweet milk. From that time Madison never grumbled. A change had been gradually wrought in his character. He understood what a power he possessed of doing, and he flung off his lounging, indolent, complaining habits. Ah, our mother understood a great secret, the importance of giving boys something to do, and making them work it out resolutely to the end; the activities of boyhood need to be disciplined and directed. Boys weary of continual play, yearn for something to accomplish. Give it to them, and then compel steady, persevering effort, until it is finished. In the end they are better boys and happier boys for it. It is the only right preparatory training to fit them for success in business, and for steady, well-directed effort in mature life. And this is one reason why the country possesses advantages over the city, in the training of boys. In the country there is something for them to do, and space to do it in. In teaching children to be useful, parents need much forbearance and great resolution. Their awkward, bungling, or reluctant attempts are discouraging and vexatious, and a father will often angrily send off his boy and do the thing himself, in far less time, and in far better style, rather than take the trouble to teach, and to encourage his son to execute it. It was not so with our mother. In the garden, the barn, and the wood-house, her looks and words of encouragement everywhere presided. She gradually accustomed us to active duty, assigning to each of us some work to do, and following us up until it was done, and well done. She inspired us with energy and cheerfulness, and made us relish the work, and bade us witness the good results flowing from industrious habits. Ah, it is our mother that made us what we are. And now we have just returned from this dear home house, and our boyhood, no longer the dingy, yellow, one-story house, but a commodious dwelling of two stories, with ample portico in front, and the cool shadows of honeysuckle and acacia, inviting you to linger there. It belongs to Philip, the indefatigable fruit-grower. Look into his nursery and gardens; they are young yet, but it is not enough to delight one's eyes, say nothing of the taste? They are the work of his own hands. His vicinity to the city affords him an extensive market, and he has already exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Look at his house, and the young shrubbery growing so luxuriously in every direction. There is a little bed-room, in that house, which is a more interesting object still. It is nearly on the site of the old bed-room. It commands a beautiful view of the garden and of the Western sky, and of a distant pasture, where Bossey's descendants are quietly grazing, and there, at the window, sits our mother, our beloved mother, in her rocking-chair. She is old and infirm now; but though her eyes are dim, her heart waxes not old. It is

full of love and gratitude, and she blesses God for the boys. "Such sons!" she says. And who, under God, has made us what we are?—Oh, mother! mother! Philip still seeks her direction and advice about everything concerning him; and his Mary regards her with reverential love; while in little Jane—Jenny we pet her—she seems to perpetuate her youth. Her last days seem her best days. How do Madison and I rejoice to leave the dry, dusty city, for a Sabbath at Philip's. The Sabbath is truly a Sabbath there, no peace-speaking, and full of love. Madison holds an important post in the extensive firm of "Giles & Co." He is a younger brother of old Giles, the farmer, Madison's first master, who now gives him as warm a welcome as any one in the village. "Do you remember the morning that you came back to work? But thank your mother for that," said the old gentleman, chuckling and shaking Madison's hand with a right hearty shake. Yes, Madison earned the character which Mr. Giles gave of him to his city brother. Behold what it has gained for him.

It is Monday morning, and we have just returned to town. I never enter the city and my office, after leaving Philip's, without feeling myself a better man; a more tranquil, sober, home-loving God-fearing man; and, shall I add it, a greater shrinking from the toils and perplexities of city life. But "never flinch," sounds in my ear—"take hold with a stout heart my son, of whatever lies before you;" and the well-remembered accents of my mother's voice, prompts me to duty.

But sad news awaits me. Cousin Madison Jones is dead. He died poor, and a broken-hearted, desolate old man. His sons have ruined him. Ungoverned, idle and dissolute, they have brought his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. The last time I saw him, it was my happiness to befriend him. "Thank ye! thank ye!" he exclaimed kindly and gratefully. I could not realize it was the proud, rich man, who was the terror of my boyhood. "You are a dear boy, a dear boy! I see your mother had the right of it; Jane was right; she taught you not to be afraid of work. That big yard and barn wasn't for nothing,—if I could live my life over again!" upon which he drew a deep sigh, and arose to go.

Poor cousin Madison! Ah, yes! I would say to all cousin Madisons that we were early indoctrinated, patiently, courageously "to saw up and saw down;" that was the secret of mother's management, and of overcoming the thousand obstacles to advancement and success, which young men, without property, or influential friends, must necessarily meet with, in the great world of business; and if necessary for the business of the outward, how much more for the inward life, in this patient, courageous, pains-taking course? Does it not constitute that striving which the Savior speaks of, by which, we can alone secure peace and purity, God's blessing, and heaven, at last?

So ends the brief record of my friend's life. Portsmouth, N. H.

CHILDREN.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say;
O God! preserve my mother dear,
In strength and health for many a year;
And O! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I his best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy;
And O! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,
And may we always love each other;
Our friends, our father and our mother;
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and godly heart;
That after my long sleep, I may
Awake to thine eternal day! Amen.

COLUMBIA.

A CHILD INVITED TO JESUS.

Come to Jesus—little sinner,
Come to him this very day;
Bend upon your knees before him,
He will teach you how to pray.
Come to Jesus—for he loves you,
He's so great, and kind, and good;
Come to Jesus—he will wash you
In his own most precious blood.

THE PURE IN HEART.

A gentleman, in one of his visits among the poor, met with one of his Sabbath School scholars, a little girl not six years old, who had just begun to recite the New Testament. This child being fond of singing, was anxious to possess one of the school hymn books, which the gentleman kindly promised her, on condition that she would learn to read the fifth and sixth chapters of St. Matthew's gospel, within the space of a fortnight. The little girl immediately undertook the task, and having brought her two chapters to the gentleman, began to read, but when she finished the first twelve verses, he caused her to stop, in order to inquire of her which of the qualities described in the beauties she should desire most to possess. She paused a little while, and then replied, with a modest smile, "I would rather be pure in heart."

The gentleman asked her wherefore she should choose this blessed quality above all the rest.—In reply to which she answered to this purpose: "Sir, if I had a pure heart, I should then possess all the other good qualities spoken of in this chapter."—Zion's Advocate.

EXCHANGING PEARLS.

A little orphan boy, about twelve years of age, while fishing on the banks of the Tennessee river, picked up a large pearl among the musshells. Returning home, he accidentally exhibited it while rummaging in his pockets, filled with fish-lines, corks, shells, coppers, bait, &c. A gentleman who was standing by, observing the costly treasure, asked the little fellow how much he would give him for it. "O," said the boy, "a bit of two—just as you please." "No," replied the other, "you must not sell it for a trifle, it is worth a great sum. I will send it to Nashville, to be sold, and the proceeds of it shall be applied to your education." The pearl was sent to a lapidary in Nashville, who estimated it to be worth \$500! Let it glitter in the diamond of a crowned head, and that boy's mind be enriched with jewels whose lustre shall outshine and outlive the lustre of diamonds, and he will have parted with it for a pearl of greater price.

THE PROMPT GIRL.

The prompt girl rises with the lark in the morning. When the gray dawn steals in at her window, she springs from her bed and in a very few minutes she is dressed and ready to make her appearance in the family, to assist her mother, if necessary; or if not needed there, to go to her devotions and her study. She has done, perhaps, in fifteen minutes, what the dilly girl would be an hour and a half in doing, and did it equally as well. She is always in time. She never keeps the table waiting, and never comes after the blessing. She is never late at prayers; never late at school; never late at

church. And yet she is never in a hurry. She redeems so much time by her promptness, that she has as much as she needs, to do every thing well and in time. She saves all the time that the dilly girl spends in sauntering, in considering what to do next, in reading frivolous matters, out of the proper time for reading, and gazing idly at vacancy.

This good habit, our readers will perceive, must be of great advantage to the one who possesses it, as long as she lives.

It is, however, within the reach of all. Only carry out the idea we have given of promptness one day, and then repeat it every day, and in a little time, the habit is established.

SKETCHES.

MARIA LOUISA.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

A darker day never enveloped in its gloom the Austrian monarchy, than when the beleaguering hosts of Napoleon encompassed Vienna, and from their encircling batteries were showering shots and shells upon the doomed city. The armies of Austria, in repeated conflicts, had been mown down and scattered by the resistless conqueror. As the eagles of Napoleon glittered upon the hills which overlook the city, the Royal family, with "hot haste" which terror inspires, had fled far off into the wilds of Hungary. It was midnight. The sky is streaked with the fiery projectiles which, like meteors of death, are descending into the thronged and dismayed metropolis. Flames are bursting forth in every part of the city. All hearts are frozen with terror. There is no place of refuge. Red hot balls crush their way through dwellings of brick and stone. Shells explode in the cradle of the infant, and upheaving the most mass dwellings, bury their mangled inmates beneath their ruins. The clamors of two hundred thousand combatants fill the midnight air, and mingle with the thunders of one of the most awful bombardments earth has ever witnessed.

In one of the chambers of the royal palace there lies a maiden, sixteen years of age, the daughter of the king. Her father and mother, in the confusion of their flight, were compelled to leave behind them their sick child. Her cheek is flushed with fever, and again paled with terror as the uproar of the assault, like angry thunders, fills the air. The glare of bursting shells and the flames of the spreading conflagration, portentously gleam through the windows, upon the eye of the sick and terrified sufferer. She in vain buries her head beneath the bedclothes to shut out the horrid cries of the assailants and the shrieks of the wounded.

In the midst of this most dreadful scene the gates of the city are suddenly thrown open, and a small party emerge, and with a flag of truce pass through the embattling hosts till they approach the presence of Napoleon. They inform him of the situation and the peril of the princess. He instantly orders the direction of every gun to be changed, which might endanger her person. The flag of truce again retires within the walls, and the awful bombardment continues. For ten long hours this terrific storm of iron descends upon the city, till three thousand shells have filled its streets with ruins and with blood. But Maria Louisa remains upon her bed unharmed, though other parts of her father's palace are blown from their foundations. Little did she imagine, in the consternation of that dreadful night, that it was her future husband who was thus raining down destruction upon her father's capital. And little did the plebeian conqueror imagine, as he compassionately changed the direction of his guns, that this maiden was to be the queen of France, and that by this bombardment he was wooing and winning for his bride a daughter of the Cæsars.

A daughter of the Cæsars! What a mysterious influence there is in ancestral renown.—Napoleon even, the creator of his crown, the fabricator of his own glory, was dazzled by its glare. Maria Louisa was a lineal descendant of the proudest monarchs of Rome. The blood which circulated in her veins had passed to her from the Cæsars, and through the heroic heart of Maria Theresa. She had been cradled and nurtured amid scenes of moral sublimity and regal magnificence, which, one would think, would give an impress of grandeur even to the meekest soul. Surely, then, her spirit must be imbued with all that is lofty and ennobling in human character. Alas, it was not so! She was nothing more than a mild, amiable, pretty girl, utterly incapable of cherishing an idea of magnanimity or of heroism. She was endowed, by nature, only with those qualities which were most commonplace and earthly, and was entirely unqualified to act a noble part in the lofty drama through which she was destined to move.

Napoleon, despairing of offspring from Josephine, and consumed with the most intense desire to have an heir who should inherit his glory and perpetuate his name, resolves to sacrifice his child to the ambition of his wife. He is determined to obtain a more youthful bride than the subservient monarchies around him.—He hoped thus to secure an heir in whose person he could be allied all that was glorious in his own achievements, and all that is illustrious in exalted descent. The repudiation of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, is the darkest stain upon the character of Napoleon. And, like all wrong doing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. A pique originating in this marriage, alienated Alexander of Russia from the French Emperor, and hence the campaign of Moscow, and the imprisonment of Napoleon upon the rock of St. Helena. When the design of Napoleon was known, every court in Europe was emulous of the honor of such an alliance. The Bourbons, in their exile, would gladly furnish a princess of the royal blood, as a bride for the mighty conqueror. The Russian Court proffers any of its high-born maidens to the acceptance of the master spirit, at whose frown all Europe trembles. And the Austrian monarchy, the proudest of all earthly dynasties, eagerly seeks alliance with the soldier of fortune, who has twice entered its capital in triumph, and reposed, with his plebeian marshals, in its palaces. After much solicitation, Napoleon decided to accept the alliance of Austria. Proposals were made for Maria Louisa, and eagerly accepted. Maria was then nineteen years of age, and was most happy to be honored as the bride of one who had filled the world with his renown. Napoleon was forty-two. On the 12th day of March, 1810, apparently without emotion, she left the palaces of her fathers, surrounded by all the pomp the Austrian monarchy could confer, to meet her future husband. As the long train of carriages left Vienna, the people gazed mournfully upon the scene. Maria, the last princess of Austria, had furnished for the throne of France, but a few years before had perished miserably upon the scaffold. The populace were only prevented by the soldiers, from cutting the traces of the carriages and preventing the departure. The gorgeous procession proceeded on its way towards the frontiers of France. Napoleon had never yet seen the bride who was coming to meet him.—"She is not beautiful," he said, as he gazed upon her miniature, "but she is a daughter of the Cæsars!"

When Maria arrived at the Rhine, her Austrian attendant left her, and she was received by

the French nation, and conducted towards Paris with the highest possible accompaniments of imperial splendor. The bells rang their merriest peals of congratulation. The Austrian and tri-colored flag floated in friendly embrace from every tower. Triumphal arches, illuminated cities, and civic and military processions greeted her progress, while the horses of her chariot buried their hoofs in beds of roses which were spread over her path. France, then in the zenith of its pride, and intoxicated with glory, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, resounded with all the expressions and demonstrations of rejoicing. Napoleon met her near the Compeigne. Springing from his own carriage, he eagerly leaped into that of the Empress, and, entirely regardless of all the restraints and etiquette of courts, folded her in his embrace with the most youthful impetuosity. The postillions were ordered to drive upon the gallop to the palace of Compeigne. This unexpected ardor was not at all unwelcome to Maria, and a few hours in the society of her imperial husband invested her with such a queenly ease and affability, that she could hardly be recognized by her former attendants. The marriage ceremony was celebrated with the utmost splendor at St. Cloud, and never, before or since, has Paris resounded with such an uproar of rejoicing, as when Napoleon led his youthful bride into those apartments of the Tuilleries, from which Josephine, but three months before, had been so cruelly rejected.—Four queens held the bridal train of Maria Louisa, and the ambassadors of all the courts of Europe revolved around her as their central luminary. But who can tell how dimly these rejoicings fell upon the ear of Josephine as she sat weeping in her deserted chambers.

In one year from that time Maria was placed upon that mysterious couch of suffering from which no regal wealth or splendor can purchase exemption. Her pains were long protracted and her anguish dreadful. The attendant physicians, in the utmost trepidation informed Napoleon that the life of the mother or the child must be sacrificed. "Save the mother," said Napoleon; but, perceiving that they had lost their presence of mind, in view of the peril of so illustrious a patient, he immediately added, "Do as you would with the wife of the humble tradesman in the Rue St. Denis."

The physicians, reassured, returned to their duty, and the crisis was passed.

The birth of this child was an event which had been anticipated by all France, with the most sincere interest. It had been previously announced that the cannon of the Invalids should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a princess, twenty-one guns were to be fired; if a prince, one hundred. At six o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March, 1810, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns, reverberating over the city in announcement of the arrival of the welcome stranger. Every window was instantaneously thrown open. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were roused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of the busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering into their ears. The heart of the great capital ceased to beat, and in all her glowing veins the current of life stood still. When the twenty-first gun had been fired, the interest was intense beyond all conception. The gunners delayed for a moment the next discharge, and all Paris stood breathless in suspense. The next moment the guns, double loaded, pealed forth the most welcome announcement, and from the entire city one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of Rome, how illustrious! The thoughtful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by his death. Who could then have imagined that his renowned father would perish a prisoner in a dilapidated stable in St. Helena, and that this child, a nation's idol, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and sink into a forgotten grave.

MINISTERIAL.

For the Herald and Journal.

LONG EXERCISES.

Br. Stevens:—When our Savior commissioned his apostles to go and preach the gospel, among other things he commanded them to "be wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

This injunction, without doubt, was intended to be applied to all who are called to preach the gospel from that time to the end of the world. But there is a practice quite too common, with many who call themselves ministers of the New Testament, which, in our estimation, is a violation of this precept. We allude to long public exercises. We care not how long a long public exercise, provided he attends to his other duties as he ought, but it must be confessed that long sermons and long prayers are among the things that are hard to be endured.

It seems as though any man who understood as much of human nature as every Methodist preacher ought to, might readily discover that it was not a very wise course to preach long sermons. Unless a discourse is unusually interesting, there are very few congregations that will listen, with any degree of attention or patience, more than an hour at the longest. Many become weary and dull, and rather than endure a long and tedious exercise, they will remain at home.

Many have known preachers who were by no means deficient in talent, greatly diminish their congregations by this practice. A man may interest himself, perhaps, for an hour and a half or two hours, but he cannot interest a whole assembly so long, unless it be on some extraordinary occasion. If a preacher must dwell an hour and a half, on one subject, it would be much more profitable to divide it into two discourses. His hearers would listen with much more patience, and be more likely to remember what they heard.

This practice is not only unwise, but it is productive of harm. Many who attend public exercises are those who labor hard during the week; being unused to sitting, they in a short time become weary in this position, drowsiness frequently ensues, and it is much harder to keep awake than many imagine. At such times all that is said becomes dull and uninteresting, and they are consequently not profited. And it avails but little for a preacher to scold at his hearers for sleeping, when he keeps them a couple of hours on their seats. A minister once complained to one of his hearers for sleeping during the sermon. "I acknowledge," said the man, "that I did get to sleep. I kept awake, however, long enough to hear one sermon, then I went to sleep and slept a long time, and then awoke in season to hear you preach long enough for another sermon."

Persons who do not enjoy religion are frequently driven away from the means of grace, who would attend if the exercises were not so tedious. It lessens a preacher's influence, and to some extent, hinders his usefulness. We sometimes say to our friends, "why do you not attend our meeting?—don't you like the preaching?" "Yes," they say, "we like him well enough, and we believe he is honest and preaches the truth, but his sermons are so long and we get so tired and sleepy, that we had rather stay at home." Nor is this all the harm that is

produced. The example of long exercises being given in the pulpit, it is frequently copied after by the private members.

Long exhortations and long prayers in a social meeting are all out of place, and almost certain death to the meeting. But if a preacher opens a social meeting with a prayer of ten or fifteen minutes in length, and then exhorts half an hour, he certainly cannot complain of his brethren for long exercises. It is very easy to be seen how souls may be ruined, by God's people neglecting to make use of such means as are calculated to make public and social worship interesting and profitable. By bringing tedious and formal meetings become dull and uninteresting, and the unconverted have no disposition to attend them; but by rendering them lively and interesting, many are induced to come within the means of grace.

This evil ought to be remedied, and if every one will try to be wiser, let every preacher endeavor to condense his thoughts into as small a compass as he can, and make himself well understood, and continually keep in mind, that if he prays from two to five minutes, it will generally be sufficient to express his desires, if he studies conscientiously; and that when he has spoken thirty, or forty-five minutes at the longest, it is time to stop.

And let him remember that he would probably do more good to stop right in the middle of a discourse than to preach an hour after the people are tired.

Chelsea, Vt.

L.

ATWELL.

Orington, Feb. 24.

Br. JOHN BRIGGS died in Holderness, N. H., Feb. 13, aged 87 years. Sister Nickerson was, for more than 60 years, the faithful companion of Br. Daniel Nickerson, whose history and death were noticed in Zion's Herald of Nov. 3d, to which the reader is requested to refer. She came into the Methodist Church in the autumn of 1797, under the labors of Br. E. Mudge, and continued a faithful and consistent member until called to a higher seat above. Her eulogy can be written in a few words. As a citizen and neighbor, she was beloved by all. As a mother, she was excelled by few. As a Christian, and a Methodist, her praise is in all the churches. She died of a paralytic shock, in about 36 hours from its attack. She retained her senses to the last; was perfectly resigned and happy.

Thus we have committed to the peaceful grave the oldest member of our church in town, and the last of the class referred to in her husband's obituary. We repeat, peace to her memory.

J. ATWELL.

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